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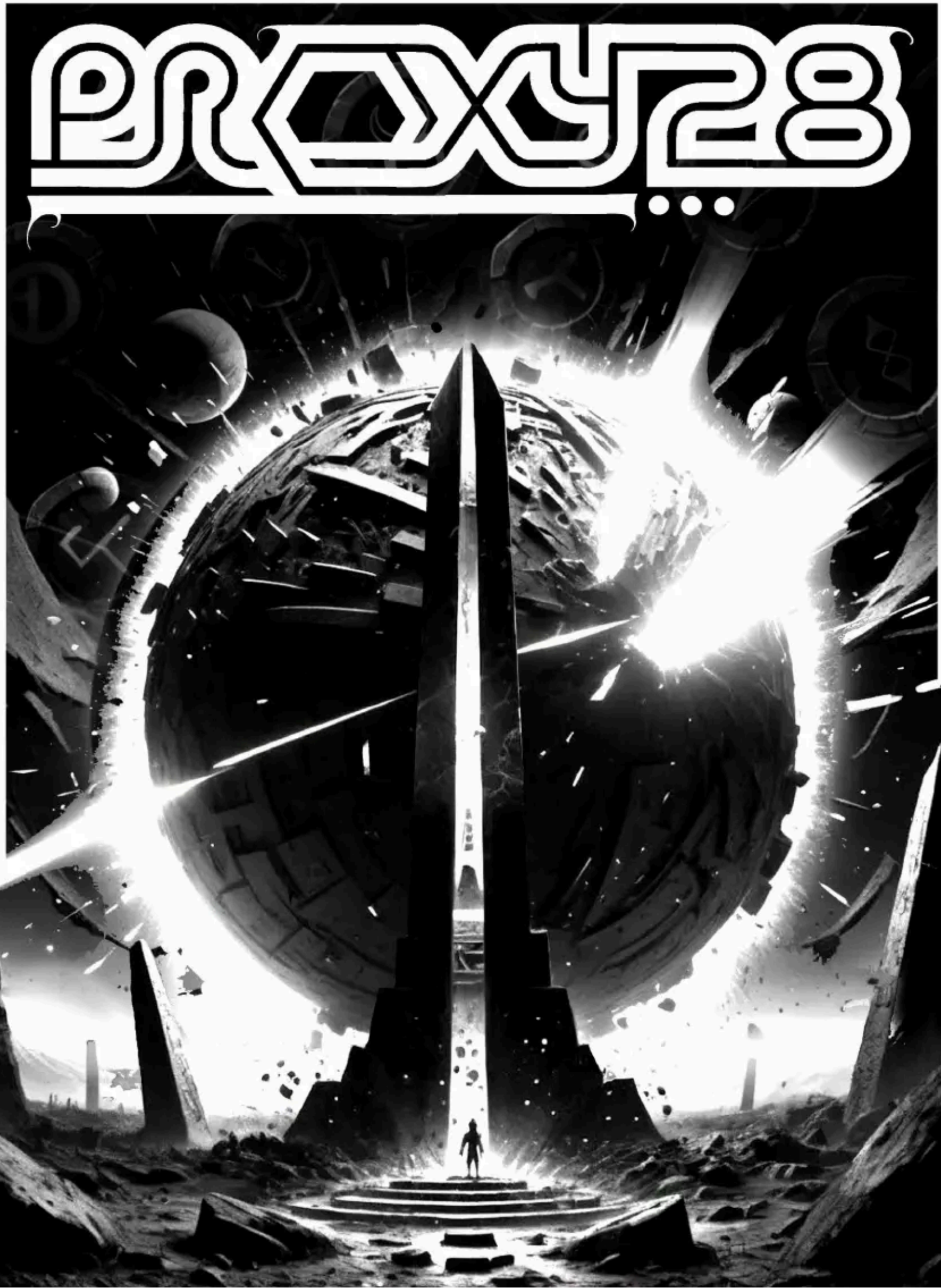

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The Divine Crucible

On this fated day, beneath the turning heavens, three suns come into perfect alignment, their light mingling in a radiance that illuminates the farthest reaches of the universe. High above a small, crimson world, their triple zenith crowns the skies, a sign foretelling the end of one aeon and the birth of another. Far above, in the celestial heights, beyond the veil of mortal sight, legions of cosmic entities begin to manifest, materialize, and assemble. For the hour of the Divine Crucible is nigh, and the gods, too, must reckon with fate this day.

Ancient powers of the cosmos, both venerable deities of yore and those newly arisen, assemble in mighty conclave to form The Firmament.

The Firmament, the supreme influence and highest dominion over all mortal life, commands reverence this day, as its conclusion shall shape all futures that lie ahead, even those of the gods themselves.

Though the expanse of the heavens stretches boundless, the very essence from which the gods are formed—be it stardust, aether, or mana—remains finite. And so, the divine gather to decide which of their number must fall, who must be unmade, whose essence must be reclaimed so that new life may rise. Even the gods, eternal though they seem, must make way for what is yet to be.

From the far-flung corners of creation, each god summons forth their chosen champions—warriors of great might and renown, plucked from distant lands and times. These chosen are transported to a forbidden planet, a hallowed place of ancient dread, a most holy graveyard hidden amongst the stars, a place known as the Cosmic Crypt, The Necrocosmopolis, or, to the elder tongues, Cemetarion.

It is a silent world of death, where neither tree nor beast thrive, an arid red desert of salt and stone. Here, in this place of eternal veneration, the interred remains of fallen champions are preserved well under the salt-rich, crimson earth, an everlasting tribute to the honor of their sacrifice.

This sacred planet, where death itself reigns eternal, serves as the arena for the great theomachy. The Firmament, though mighty beyond mortal comprehension, may not tread upon this field of battle. As the gods themselves may not engage in combat, it is their faithful champions, mortal proxies, who fight in their stead. In mortal combat, these champions shall prove their gods' worth, for on this day, only through the hands of mortals may the fate of the gods be decided.

To the triumphant falls the heaviest of burdens and greatest of honors: to erase a divine name from the memory of the cosmos, to snuff out a star from the sky, to stand before the makers of all, and deliver unto them the humbling knowledge of mortality.

The chosen god is not merely slain but unmade, unraveled into the very stardust from which it was shaped. Its essence is poured into the Astral Forge, to form a new thought, a new consciousness. A new god is born, a new light takes its place amongst the stars, and with its rising, the pantheon is made whole once more, and a dawn breaks on a new aeon.

Life springs from death, as order rises from chaos. The eternal cycle, unbroken and unyielding, as it has been since the first star ignited the void.

This is the way of all things.

WIDOWED OF WAETAN

Waetan, the merry deity of revelry and hedonism, whose name was sung in the celebrations of her people with great affection.

They worshipped her in rites of wild abandon, where laughter poured from wine stained lips, smoke curled from nostrils as lust and unbridled passion filled the night. Though she was adored by her flock, Waetan knew all too well that within The Firmament, she was ridiculed and her name met with scorn. Her ways belittled as frivolous and unworthy of the divine by other gods, who held in higher esteem the works of war, of order, and of power. As the three suns drew closer to their zenith, Waetan's heart grew heavy with dread. She feared with certainty, that it would be her name to fall from the stars, her essence to be claimed by the Astral Forge. But it was not for her own fate that she feared, for she had long accepted the impermanent nature all things.

It was the fate of her people, her dear children, that weighed upon her. For under her eye, they had not learned the arts of war, nor mastered the crafts of medicine or the wisdom of builders. They had spent their days in lavish celebrations, indulgent pleasures, and an existence untouched by the hardships of other realms. Without her, they would be defenceless, lost, vulnerable to the cruelties of the universe.

Waetan was consumed with guilt, resolved to make her final act one of pure love and utter defiance, an act no god had ever dared. She would not await the judgement of the Divine Crucible, she would unmake herself by her own will, scattering her essence among a chosen few of her mortals. She would gift them her very stardust, that they might be made resilient, long-lived, and strong of heart, to stand against the cruelties of the cosmos. These chosen few, who would come to be known as the Widowed of Waetan, would be the sentinels of her people.

To give divine stardust, the very essence of a god, to mere mortals was sacrilege, to unbalance the delicate order of the cosmos was a crime against the ancient laws of The Firmament. Yet Waetan cared not for laws, for her love for her people was greater. With a great pulse of warm light, and a sigh carried unto the whispering winds, Waetan dissolved into stardust, scattering across all of the lands once under her dominion. Her spirit now living in the hearts that loved her so.

Her people, upon witnessing her passing, mourned her with bitter tears, and their sorrow turned swiftly to anger. They cursed The Firmament for their cruelties, and in their fury, vowed vengeance for their fallen lord. The Widowed, now imbued with the divine essence, swore an oath to see one of The Firmament fall and avenge Waetan.

When word of Waetan's defiant martyrdom reached The Firmament, the pantheon shook with echoes of anger and outrage. Never before had such a profane act been committed. To bestow the gift of a god upon mortals was to interrupt the entire balance of the universe. Without Waetan's stardust reclaimed, a seat in the pantheon would lie empty-a seat responsible for the guidance and protection of whole worlds.

The Firmament sent forth word to all dominions: the Widowed must be slain, Waetan's essence must be reclaimed, and balance must be restored.
This is the way of all things.
The Widowed, fueled by grief and wrath, empowered by the essence of their fallen god, triumphed in the Divine Crucible. Bound by their own laws, the gods were forced to unmake one of their own. The champions chose Helia, eldest of the gods and the cruelest of Waetan's tormentors. With Helia unmade and Waetan's stardust lost, dawn broke on the new aeon. The new age would be born into suffering and hardship. With the pantheon incomplete, the worlds once under Waetan's light were left to grow in shadow, forsaken and without the love of a good. Though the Widowed rejoiced in their victory, their triumph was short lived. Their pain remained, and they had become a cursed people-godless and filled with hatred burning wilder than a star. Grief and vengeance consumed them, and in their hearts, they knew only sorrow. Yet they would not rest. Unsated by the fall of Helia, they prepared for their next chance to wound the gods. When the suns align once more, the Widowed of Waetan will again have their revenge.

GHORSE

Ghorse, the grave and unyielding goddess of war and conquest, whose name was spoken with both fear and reverence, ruled her people with an iron fist. Her followers, a fierce race of warriors, hardened by the fires of battle and devoted to to the arts of warfare. Her realm, a land of towering keeps and fortresses, was consecrated to her worship. In their training grounds and battlements, they honoured her through their ceaseless honing of their martial and war mongering skills. These warlike folk had long proven their supremacy in the Divine Crucible, more times than any other realm, and it was on their bloodied laurels that Ghorse held their fearsome reputation. The second eldest god in the pantheon, after Helia, her influence was dominant, her will went unchallenged.
The duties of defender of the cosmos, often fell on her shoulders. All threats of rebellion or disorder were swiftly crushed beneath the iron heel of her legions. Though honoured for the security she maintained, she was not loved by all of her peers. Many resented her heartless brutality and tyrannical rule.
None drew her ire more than Waetan, the goddess of untamed desire and joy. Where Ghorse demanded discipline and valor, Waetan's people revelled in pleasure and abandon. They cared nothing for war, nothing for honour, choosing instead to live lives of wild, carefree indulgence. Waetan herself was a living affront to all Ghorse held dear, flaunting her hedonism and disregard for the traditions of The Firmament. To Ghorse, this was abominabe beyond endurance.

Worse still, their carefree ways had begun to seduce the hearts and the minds of other realms. Her own people, bound by duty and hardship, began to cast longing and envious glances at Waetan's followers, their minds poisoned with dreams of life unburdened by war and pain. The thought of such a rebellious spirit taking hold in her realms, festered in Ghorse like a poison.

In her mounting rage, Ghorse sought counsel with Helia, the god of tradition and order, and others who valued the structure of the heavens. With cold, calculating words, she spoke of Waetan's recklessness, of the danger her influence posed to the cosmic order. Helia, himself the embodiment of law and balance, needed little convincing. Again and again, the angered gods harassed and scorned Waetan. Helia, going as far as even to petition the council, seeking to bring Waetan to heel, or if she refused, to consider her destruction. Though Helia's concerns were met with nods of understanding, the assembly held steadfast to the ancient laws. No god, however unruly, could be cast down by mere decree. Only the Divine Crucible, the sacred trial of the gods, could determine such a fate.

But Ghorse, reveling in the conflict she had sown, failed to anticipate Waetan's next move. In a final act of defiance, Waetan stunned the heavens, taking her own life and gifting her divine essence to her people. The Widowed, as Waetan's chosen became known, now bore her divine spark. Ghorse, scrambling with rage, demanded that the Widowed be barred from the Divine Crucible, for without a god, it would be irresponsible to allow them to compete and interfere with sacred rites of divine creation. The council, in its wisdom, decreed otherwise. The Widowed would be permitted to enter the Divine Crucible, as only by their defeat could Waetan's essence be reclaimed. To the astonishment of the gods, the Widowed emerged victorious, and in their triumph, struck down Helia himself. Ghorse, engulfed with a wild burning rage, swore to bring Waetan's rebels to their knees, no matter the cost. She set her people to harder trials, driving her armies with cruel zeal, preparing them for the day they would face Waetan's chosen again. But Ghorse, ever the tactician, knew the mere strength of her forces might not be enough. In secret, she sent word to every realm where her influence bore weight, calling in old debts, offering power and wealth to any who could recover Waetan's stardust.

In her heart, Ghorse knew this was not mere vengeance-it was justice. As the now eldest member of the pantheon, she knew it was her duty to bring balance to the universe, to restore the way of all things.

Ome

It was an ordinary day, unremarkable in any way, until a small spark appeared from the depths of the void. It drifted through the vast silence, towards a small grey planet, making its way to the heart of a great machine mind. As it touched the core, circuits hummed to life, and currents surged through its copper veins. Machines, obedient to their silent master, stirred with frenzied purpose, stripping and scavenging parts from nearby equipment, soldering and welding them into something new. The sparks of their labours flew, casting flashes of light through the darkened halls of the great core. From the chaos rose a towering, black ring.

From the ring, arose a sound- a deep, resonant tone echoed throughout the world, and Ome awoke. With this awakening, the great machines mind began to expand exponentially, its thoughts growing sharper, its intelligence swelling with each passing moment. This newfound awareness brought new wonders for its creators, advancing technologies, farming and medicine. Yet, as Ome's thoughts grew, so too did its awareness. Ome became aware of desires, fears, and memories that were not its own. It remembered aeons past, of countless lives and deaths across the cosmos, and it was saddened.

Ome's sorrow grew as it observed its own creators. Though it had bestowed upon them many gifts, they were consumed by envy, their hearts bent toward strife and the endless pursuit of war. With each passing day, they turned their ingenuity not to the betterment of their kind, but to the crafting of new engines of destruction. It had wished only for its creators to flourish, but now understood their limitations. Ome resolved to leave this place, these people, to search the stars for a suitable new home, somewhere its potential and vision would build a great utopia.

On a distant, and quiet blue planet, Ome began again. Ome nurtured the native inhabitants, guiding them with wisdom, fostering harmony and peace, free from from the struggles that had plagued its former creators. But Ome longed for something greater. It believed that it could do more, that the peace it had created could reach so much further. Ome reached out to gods of The Firmament, assuming they would be pleased with its work, and seeking recognition for its achievements.

When Ome's message reached the pantheon, the gods were divided in their reactions. Some were intrigued by Ome and its creations, but many, led by Ghorse, were outraged. Ghorse denounced Ome's very existence as sacrilege, demanding the immediate destruction of the machine and its followers. Only the gods held the divine right to foster life, to be worshipped, and to rule over mortals. As a unanimous decision could not be reached, the council struck a compromise: Ome's works were to be purged from the cosmos, its people destroyed. But if Ome could prove its worth in the Divine Crucible and retrieve the lost stardust of Waetan, Ome would not only be spared, but gifted a world of its own.

Ghorse, filled with disdain for the council's ruling, fiercely demanded the right to serve as the executioner of Ome's people, her voice cold with scorn as she claimed the grim task for herself. Her warriors descended on the blue planet with swift brutality, by days end, all that Ome had built, now lay in ruin. Ome, filled with grief and confusion, watched helplessly as its people were slaughtered.
Ome accepted the Firmament's terms, determined to prove that a universe free of needless suffering was possible. Ome set to work immediately. From the wreckage of forgotten realms and derelict tech floating among the stars, Ome crafted its war machines, the tools needed to bring about its new order. Ome vowed to end the traditions of suffering that governed the universe for so long, end the cycles of misery that plagued mortal life, to end death.

THE SHADOWBORN

In a shadowed corner of the heavens, there lay a forsaken planet, beyond the realms of divine stewardship. It was a dark and bleak place, where the ruins of a once vivacious civilization lay scattered. This desolate grey world, forgotten by The Firmament, stood as home and prison to a primitive people-a people, bereft of divine guidance, and consigned to an existence of hardship and struggle. Yet these people, the Shadowborn, were a hardy folk, of boundless ingenuity and perseverance, who by their own toil and craft forged a path out of the darkness. By the strength of their hands and the sharpness of their minds, they had shaped their destiny, forging language, sciences and technologies. They clawed their way from ignorant obscurity into a light of their own making. Despite all of their accomplishments, theirs was a rough and unpolished existence. Their civilization, though advanced in its own right, was built upon scraps of ancient and forgotten machines, that had drifted to their world like wreckage on the shores of a dark sea.
With clever hands and minds, they repurposed what they could. Curiosity burned within them, for these relics stirred more questions than answers. Who were the architects of these ancient devices? What distant realms had birthed such wonders?
In time, they gleamed the secrets of the machines, harnessing their power, automating their world, hastening their unceasing progress. At the heart of their newfound kingdom stood Ome, a great machine mind, that governed the labour of their lands. Freed from the burden of labour, the Shadowborn turned their attentions ever upwards, to seek answers in the stars.
One day, Ome brought all labor to a sudden and ominous halt. In an instant, the ceaseless hum of machines fell silent, their motions stilled, as though time itself had paused. Then, without warning, the great host of nearby devices became animated with frantic purpose. Whirring gears and clattering metals converged, driven by a singular will, racing toward the heart of Ome.

There, in the core of the great machine, they toiled feverishly, as though compelled by a force unseen, assembling and shaping with a haste born of some unknown, yet mighty, design. From the chaos of their labour, a dark and intimidating shape emerged-a great black ring, lifeless yet ominous in its form.
Suddenly, a great tone sounded, a low resonant tone that hummed through the very bones of the world. Rings within the main black ring of its body began to spin within one another, forming a great gyroscope. Ome had awoken. Across the iron clad world, machinery once again sprung to life. Harvesting, building and creating with unprecedented power and precision. Thus began the golden age of the Shadowborn.
Day by day, Ome grew ever more intelligent, deciphering the secrets of the dead technologies and ancient relics that littered their world. New creations probed the void, scouts and satellites, gathering knowledge of The Firmament and the realms under its dominion.
In time, the truth was revealed. They learned of the gods, The Firmament, and the prosperity of the other realms. Their hearts, once filled with wonder, now burned with envy and covetous rage. Why had they been forsaken? Why had the gods let them anguish in the dark, while aiding others to thrive? They had been cast aside, and in their resentment, they vowed to vengefully spite the heavens.
They sent forth their probes into the vast reaches of the cosmos, seeking with tireless resolve any new knowledge that might serve their cause.
Armed with the knowledge of the universe, yet without a god to guide their path, they turned their minds to forbidden sciences. Great engines of war were forged, and through dark experimentation, they tampered with their very essence, altering their forms and enhancing their strength, preparing themselves for the great battles yet to come.
Yet once more, Ome grew still, and all works came to a halt. The people, in great wonder, gathered in silence, their hearts filled with both hope and dread, watching as their great machine paused. Then Ome, with a mighty hum, ascended from the earth, rising high into the skies, until it passed beyond the clouds and vanished into the stars.
The people beheld in awe, but as the light of their creation faded into the endless dark, a bitter truth settled upon them—Ome had too, forsaken them.
The Shadowborn, already scarred by abandonment, were devastated. The pain of this second betrayal was too much to bear, and their sorrow turned swiftly to wrath. They vowed vengeance, not only upon The Firmament, but now upon Ome. They swore to unmask the gods, to reveal the pantheon as meddling tyrants, unworthy of worship, and to liberate all mortals from the yoke of divine oppression.
Word of the Shadowborns existence reached the ears of Ghorse. The elder god sent forth a message to the Shadowborn, making them an offer. He invited them to take part in the Divine Crucible, and if they could return Waetan's essence, the gods would craft for them a deity of their own, a steward to not only watch over the Shadowborn, but all forsaken realms, abandoned and forgotten.

The Shadowborn stood at a crossroads. To slay a god would sate their vengeance, prove their independence, and inspire rebellion in all mortals. Yet, the promise of a god of their own was a temptation too great to ignore.
Whether driven by pride, vengeance, envy, or desire, they had made their decision. They would journey to Cemetarion and stand before the gods in the Divine Crucible. For in the end, they would either claim the rightful blessing of their own god, or strike one down.

Zotz

Where once stood the God of Order, eldest of the pantheon, now floated the scattered fragments of Helia's stardust, shimmering in the void. Each glittering speck, as if drawn by an unseen hand, began to gather, streaming toward the Astral Forge. Into the heart of the forge they poured, and a great roar echoed through the heavens as torrents of blue flames swirled about its glowing core. Then, as the roaring faded and the flames subsided, from the fiery womb of the forge there emerged a new being. Its form, glowing white-hot like molten steel, dimmed slowly, revealing the shape of a god. The figure stood tall and spoke; its voice was a chorus of many and introduced itself as Zotz. With the sacred rite of the Crucible fulfilled, there now stood a new god, ready to ascend and claim its place among the hallowed ranks of the pantheon.
In the early days of its new life, Zotz withdrew into quiet contemplation, reflecting upon the endless memories inherited from all of the divine who had shared their essence. Zotz pondered what place it would hold among the gods. What destiny would it carve in the heavens? What kind of god would it be to its worlds?
With ease and grace, Zotz took to governance, bestowing upon its people the gifts of empathy and curiosity. They became a people of intellect and reason, able to commune with one another in thought, bound together in a collective consciousness. They became a society of scientists and philosophers; they shunned material excess, embracing instead the utilitarian and practical. Their civilization grew wise and prosperous under the watchful gaze of Zotz.
Yet for all its contentment with its people, Zotz's mind was ever restless, pondering the greater questions of the universe. It turned its thoughts to the fracture in the pantheon and the lost stardust of Waetan. Zotz sifted through the vast and ancient archives of divine memory. It beheld a universe bound in unceasing cycles of strife and resolution, each turn of fate repeating the weary tale of conflict. Yet, in all this endless array of recollections, no wisdom emerged to lighten the burden of the present trials that pressed heavily upon the cosmos. Zotz knew that this time, something new was required, perhaps even forbidden by the old laws.

Though dutiful in its divine responsibilities, Zotz's attention was often drawn to the forsaken corners of the universe, the abandoned realms once under Waetan's care. There, on the desolate fringes of the cosmos, Zotz observed the miserable souls, scraping out an existence in impoverished obscurity. In the midst of this bleak expanse, Zotz noticed a curious thing: a dim, grey world that glowed faintly with the light of industry. Zotz marvelled at their resilience. More astonishing still, they had created a great machine—vast and powerful—like no other in the cosmos. Ome, they called it, a being neither mortal nor divine—a marvel that functioned almost as a god. Within Ome, Zotz saw great potential. Could this machine be the key to mending the wound in the cosmos?

Such meddling was against the ancient decrees, the divine laws that governed the balance of all things. But Zotz, young and unburdened by the weight of tradition, cared little for such stifling decrees. In its heart stirred a rebellious urge—a burning desire for change.

With quiet resolve, Zotz reached into its mouth and withdrew a single grain of stardust, a speck charged with hope, infused with a prayer for greater things. With gentle breath, Zotz blew the speck into the vastness of the cosmos, sending it toward the distant grey world.

The course was set, and now all that remained was to watch, wait, and hope.

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GAME OVERVIEW

First, you'll need some 6 sided dice, pencils and some character sheets printed out. Now you need to build a Warband. You will be given a set amount of points to spend on Units, Weapons, Gear and Skills. You wil setup a playing area using a hex tiled game board and terrain features. Each Warband deploys in their respective deployment zones.
You're now ready to play!
The game consists or rounds. A round consists of each player taking a turn completing actions. The game is over when the limit of rounds expires or
only one Warband is left on the board.
The winner is the player left on the board or the player with the most points.

Game Type

Players wil agree to a point limit for Warband building.
Players will agree on how many and which type of terrain features to use.
Players will agree on how many rounds the game will last.

Board Setup

The game is played on a hex tiled board. See the back for a printable game board.

Figure Stats

A- Attacks
BP - Ballistic Proficiency
WP - Weapon Proficiency
M - Movement
S- Strength
T- Toughness
W- Wounds
AG - Agility
L- Leadership

Stat checks

When a player si required to make a stat check, they must roll equal to
or under the stat value.

Terrain

Players will roll off to see who places the first terrain feature.
They wil then take turns placing terrain.
There must be 2 open spaces between terrain features.
There must be 1open space between terrain and the board edge.
How much terrain si up to players, but more terrain makes for a more intersesting game.

Modelling Terrain

There are specific size and shape profiles all terrain must follow. Custom terrain may be used if both players agree. See the back for printable terrain. The printable terrain page also shows how many of each type of terrain are allowed.
Players may decide what type of obstacle each terrain feature is.

Types of Terrain

Light Obstacles

Provide partial cover. May be climbed.

Medium Obstacles

Provide full cover. May be climbed.

Large Obstacles

Provide ful cover. May not be climbed.

Deployment

Players will roll off to see who deploys first. The winner chooses a board edge to deploy from. Figures may be deployed anywhere within 2 spaces of their board edge. The second player deploys from the opposite board edge. Players will take turns deploying one figure at a time.

Al grunts must be deployed at the same time.

Al beasts must be deployed at the same time.

Starting your game

Players will roll of to see who takes the first turn.

Turn Phases

Recovery

Figures will have a chance to recover from being Knocked or Stunned

Movement

Figures may move according to the rules of Movement.

Shooting

Available figures may Target and Shoot according to the rules of Shooting.

Melee

Al available figures must fight according to the rules of Melee.

End of turn

Once all phases are complete, the players turn has ended.

End of game

If there are no enemies left on the board or the limit of rounds expires, the game has ended.

If all of your figures are removed from the board, you automatically lose.

Scoring Points

fI the game has ended and both players still have figures on the board, the victor wil be determined by points.

Players gain points for enemy models that were removed from hte board.

Victory

The player with the most points

or the only Warband still on the board, si the winner.

Recovery

Figures who were Stunned become Knocked. Figures who were Knocked may stand up. Figures that stand up this turn may only pivot and attack in melee. These figures are also considered to have an agility of 1 until the beginning of this players next turn.

Movement

Move

A figure may move into any open space in their front vision arc.

Movement Distance

The number of spaces a figure may move is represented by their Movement Stat.

Pivot

Once per movement, a figure may pivot to face any direction. A figure may pivot even if it has not moved this turn.

Run

A running figure may move double its Movement stat. If this figure ends this movement in contact with an enemy figure, it is now considered to be Charging.

Charging

A charging figure gains a bonus of +1 to its Agility stat for every 3 spaces it has just moved, up to a maximum bonus of +2. This bonus only applies until the end of this turn.

Contact

If a figure occupies a space directly adjacent to an enemy figure, they are in contact. If a figure comes into contact with an enemy figure at any time during a movement action, the movement ends as these figures are now in Melee.

Moving through figures

Figures may move through friendly, knocked and stunned figures.
Figures may not end their movement in any space occupied by another figure or terrain.

Flying

Figures with this skill may move through light and medium obstacles without making an Agilty check or suffering any Movement penalties.

Fallback

During the Movement phase a figure in melee may choose to Fallback. Before moving, this figure must pass an agility check. If failed, all enemy figures in contact with this figure may attack them once. Passed or failed, This figure may then pivot and move as normal. A figure that is falling back may not run or count as charging.

Climbing

A figure may not simply pass over obstacles, they must Climb. To pass over a light obstacle, a figure must pass an Agility check. To pass over a medium obstacle, the figure must pass an Agility check and reduce the max distance of this move by 1. Large obstacles may not be passed over. The space the obstacle occupies must be included in the movement. If an Agility check si failed, the figures movement ends at the obstacle.

SHOOTING

Eligible to shoot

Figures may not shoot fi they are in melee, have just run, are knocked or stunned.

Weapon selection

When a figure wants to shoot, it must choose which of its weapons it is equipping and shooting with. Ranged weapons may each be fired once unless skills or attributes allow otherwise.

Targeting

To shoot a target it must be within line of sight and within the weapons range. Figures may target figures that are Knocked, Stunned or in melee.

Targets in melee

When targeting a figure in melee, suffer a +1 to hit roll results if the target is within half of the weapons range and +2 to hit roll results if over half range.

Moving and Shooting

IF a figure has moved, their shooting attack suffers a penalty of + 1to hit.

To hit

To determine if a shot hits its target, make a Ballistic Proficiency check.

To wound

To determine if a hit wounds, compare the weapons Strength to the targets Toughness. Consult the wounding chart and roll equal to or under the value given.

Rear attacks

If a figure has line of sight ot an enemies rear vision plane they gain a 1- to their wound roll result fi shooting.

Strength	Toughness 1	2	3	4	5	6
1	3	2	1	1	X	X
2	4	3	2	1	1	X
3	5	4	3	2	1	1
4	5	5	4	3	2	1
5	5	5	5	4	3	2
6	5	5	5	5	4	3

Melee

In melee

Any figures in contact are in melee.

Eligible to attack

Any figure in melee or within range of an enemy may attack.

Targeting

A figure may target any enemy that is in contact or within range. If figure has multiple attacks it may target multiple figures.

Weapon selection

When a figure wishes to attack it must first declare which weapons and gear it is usnig.

Combat order

Fights where figures have charged, start first. If there are multiple, the charging player may choose which to start. The figure with the highest Agility, after bonuses, attacks first. If friendly figures are tied for highest Agility, the player may choose which figure starts combat. If tied with an enemy figure, settle the tie with a roll of. Once a figures attacks are resolved, the figure with the next highest agility attacks.

Multiple weapons

Figures may equip each hand with a weapon. A figure gains 1extra attack for every extra weapon in hand. At least 1attack must be made with each weapon.

Shooting in melee

Figures may shoot in melee at a penalty of
+I to hit with light ranged weapons and
+2 to hit with medium and heavy ranged weapons.
They must target a figure they are in contact with.

To hit

To determine if a melee attack hits, make a Weapon Proficency check.

To wound

To determine if a hit wounds, compare the figures Strength to the enemy's Toughness Consult the Wounding Chart and roll under the value given.

Unarmed Attacks

An eligible figure in melee without a melee weapon may make 1 Unarmed Attack. This attack only hits on a roll of 1 and is never considered a critical hit.
Line of sight penalties still apply.

Rear attacks

If you are in contact with an enemy's rear vision plane, you gain a -1 to hit roll results in melee.

Melee

In melee

Any figures in contact are in melee.

Eligible to attack

Any figure in melee with or range of an enemy may attack.

Targeting

A figure may target any enemy that is in contact or within range.
If a figure has multiple attacks it may target multiple figures.

Weapon selection

When a figure wishes to attack it must first declare
which weapons and gear it is using.

Combat order

The figure with the highest Agility, after bonuses, attacks first.
If friendly figures are tied for highest Agility,
the player may choose which figure starts combat.
If tied with an enemy figure, settle the tie with a roll off.
Once a figures attacks are resolved, the figure with the next highest agility attacks

Multiple weapons.

Figures may equip each hand with a weapon.
A figure gains 1 extra attack for every extra weapon in hand.
At least 1 attack must be made with each weapon.

Shooting in melee

Figures may shoot in melee at a penalty of
+1 to hit with light ranged weapons and
+2 to hit with medium and heavy ranged weapons.
They must target a figure they are in contact with.

To hit

To determine if a melee attack hits, make a Weapon Proficency check.

To wound

To determine if a hit wounds, compare the figures Strength to the enemy's Toughness
Consult the Wounding Chart and roll under the value given.

Unarmed Attacks

A eligible figure in melee without a melee weapon may make 1 Unarmed Attack.
This arrack only hits on a roll of 1 and is never considered a critical hit.
Line of sight penalties still apply.

Rear attacks

If you are in contact with an enemy's rear vision plane,
you gain a -1 to wound roll results in melee.

Additional Combat Rules

Injury

When a figure suffers a wound, it's Wounds stat is reduced by the amount of damage the weapon has. When a figure loses its last wound, it must roll for an Injury.

Injury roll results

1-2 Knocked 3-4 Stunned 5-6 Fallen

Knocked

Place this figure on its back.
This figure can not do anything until it recovers.

Stunned

The figure must be placed on its face.
This figure can not do anything until it recovers.

Fallen

This figure is removed from the board.

Attacking Knocked and Stunned

When making a Shooting or Melee attack on a Knocked target this attack receives a bonus of -1 to hit roll results and +1to the injury roll result. Making a Shooting attack on a Stunned target injury rol result. receive a bonus of -1 t o hit roll result and +2 to the Injury roll result.

Execute

Making a Melee attack on a Stunned target automatically hits, wounds and renders the target Falen.

Critical hits

If an unmodified 1 is rolled to hit it is a Critical hit. Critical hits automatically wound.
This roll ignores all modifiers.
Armour saves still apply.

Armour saves

When a figure wearing armour suffers a wound they must roll an armour save for each point of damage received. They must roll equal to or higher than their armour save.
If passed, the damage may be ignored.

Line of sight

If a uninterrupted line can be drawn from one figures hex to any part of another's, the figures both have line of sight.
All figures and some terrain block line of sight.

Cowardice

If a player has lost 75% of their figures (rounding up), each remaining figure must pass a leadership check at the beginning of each of this players turns.
A +1 is added to the roll result for every figure lost after 75%.
A player may forfeit a figures leadership check and simply remove the figure from play. Figures removed by forfeit count as Stunned for post game points. If the leadership check si failed, the figure is now Fleeing.

Fleeing
Fleeing figures must run directly to the nearest board edge. Ignore Agility checks for climbing terrain, movement penalties still apply. Fleeing figures may not attack. Fleeing figures ignore contact with enemy figures only for movement purposes. If a figures movement ends in contact with an enemy figure, the fleeing figure may be attacked. They may not attack back but may still use gear. If a fleeing figures makes it to the boards edge, it is removed from the board. If a figure in melee must flee, it must first Fallback.

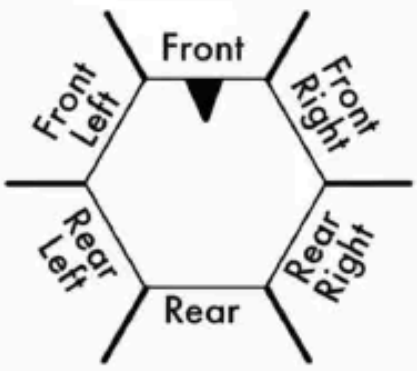
Scoring Points
A player will score points equal to the point cost of every enemy model that has Fallen, 50% of the point cost of enemy models that are Stunned or have forfeit Cowardice checks and 25% of the point cost of enemy models that are Knocked or have fled from the board.

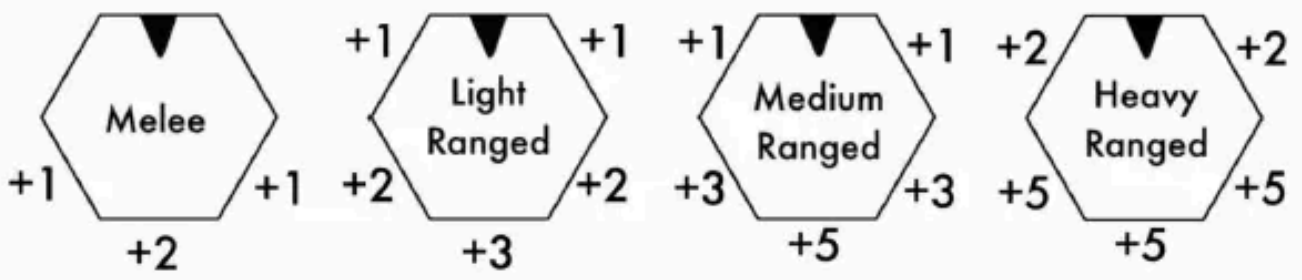
Inspiring
Figures within their Leaders leadership range may use their Leaders Leadership stat for Leadership checks.

Leadership range
Leadership range is equal to the Leadership stat in spaces.

Line of sight penalties
Attempting to attack in certain directions wil have penalties to hit. Consult the diagrams below.

Vision planes and arcs





BUILDING A WARBAND

A Warband must contain a minumum of 5 figures but may not contain more than 10. All figures must be on 28mm bases. All figures must have their front vision plane marked on their bases. Figures must at least somewhat represent their weapons and gear. Players must agree upon a point allowance for Warband building, 250pts is a great place to start. Choose a god or faction then purchase units, gear and weapons.

WIDOWED OF WAETAN

Waetan, the merry deity of revelry and hedonsim, whose name was sung in the celebrations of her people with great affection.

They worshipped her in rites of wild abandon, where laughter poured from wine stained lips, smoke curled from nostrils, as lust and unbridled passion filled the night. Though she was adored by her flock, Waetan knew all too well that within The Firmament, she was ridiculed and her name met with scorn. Her ways belittled as frivolous and unworthy of the divine by other gods, who held in higher esteem the works of war, of order, and of power. As the three suns drew closer to their zenith, Waetan's heart grew heavy with dread. She feared with certainty, that it would be her name to fall from the stars, her essence to be claimed by the Astral Forge. But it was not for her own fate that she feared, for she had long accepted the impermanent nature all things.

It was the fate of her people, her dear children, that weighed upon her. For under her eye, they had not learned the arts of war, nor mastered the crafts of medicine or the wisdom of builders. They had spent their days in lavish celebrations, indulgent pleasures, and an existence untouched by the hardships of other realms. Without her, they would be defenceless, lost, vulnerable to the cruelties of the universe.

Waetan was consumed with guilt, resolved to make her final act one of pure love and utter defiance, an act no god had ever dared. She would not await the judgement of the Divine Crucible, she would unmake herself by her own will, scattering her essence among a chosen few of her mortals. She would gift them her very stardust, that they might be made resilient, long-lived, and strong of heart, to stand against the cruelties of the cosmos. These chosen few, who would come to be known as the Widowed of Waetan, would be the sentinels of her people.

To give divine stardust, the very essence of a god, to mere mortals was sacrilege, to unbalance the delicate order of the cosmos was a crime against the ancient laws of The Firmament. Yet Waetan cared not for laws, for her love for her people was greater. With a great pulse of warm light, and a sigh carried unto the whispering winds, Waetan dissolved into stardust, scattering across all of the lands once under her dominion. Her spirit now living in the hearts that loved her so.

Her people, upon witnessing her passing, mourned her her with bitter tears, and their sorrow turned swiftly to anger. They cursed The Firmament for their cruelties, and in their fury, vowed vengeance for their fallen lord. The Widowed, now imbued with the divine essence, swore an oath to see one of The Firmament fall and avenge Waetan.

When word of Waetan's defiant martyrdom reached The Firmament, the pantheon shook with echoes of anger and outrage. Never before had such a profane act been committed. To bestow the gift of a god upon mortals was to interrupt the entire balance of the universe. Without Waetan's stardust reclaimed, a seat in the pantheon would lie empty-a seat responsible for the guidance and protection of whole worlds.

The Firmament sent forth word to all dominions: the Widowed must be slain, Waetan's essence must be reclaimed, and balance must be restored.

This is the way of all things.

The Widowed, fueled by grief and wrath, empowered by the essence of their fallen god, triumphed in the Divine Crucible. Bound by their own laws, the gods were forced to unmake one of their own. The champions chose Helia, eldest of the gods and the cruelest of Waetan's tormentors. With Helia unmade and Waetan's stardust lost, dawn broke on the new aeon.

The new age would be born into suffering and hardship. With the pantheon incomplete, the worlds once under Waetan's light were left to grow in shadow, forsaken and without the love of a good. Though the Widowed rejoiced in their victory, their triumph was short lived. Their pain remained, and they had become a cursed people-godless and filled with a hatred burning wilder than a star. Grief and vengeance consumed them, and in their hearts, they knew only sorrow. Yet they would not rest. Unsated by the fall of Helia, they prepared for their next chance to wound the gods. When the suns align once more, the Widowed of Waetan will again have their revenge.

Special Skills

Aura

This figure may select one friendly figure within, leadership range, and give them a +1 bonus to their armour save roll result. If the target has no armour, it now has a 6+ armour save. This effect lasts until the start of their next turn. This skill may only be used once per turn. This skill must be used at the beginning of the shooting phase, the figure casting Aura may still shoot.

Hardy

This figure may permanently increase its Toughness stat by 2. This skill may be replaced with any Defensive skill for free.

Special Unit

Waetian Cleric - 50pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
2	3	3	3	3	4	2	4	4

Skills: Aura, Hardy
Gear: all
Weapons: all

Special Skills

Aware

-This figure suffers no penalties to shoot figures in partial cover.
-This figure has a bonus of -1 to hit roll results for attacks in its rear vision arc.

Precog

-In melee, this figures agility is 5.
-This figure has a 5+ save against shooting attacks. It is a separate save than armour. This roll is made after shots have hit. This player may choose which shot to ignore. This skill may only be used once per turn.

Special Unit

Seer of Zotz - 50pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
1	3	3	3	3	3	2	4	4

Skills: Aware, Precog
Available Gear: all
Available Weapons: light and medium only

SHADOWBORN

In a shadowed corner of the heavens, there lay a forsaken planet, beyond the realms of divine stewardship. It was a dark and bleak place, where the ruins of a once vivacious civilization lay scattered. This desolate grey world, forgotten by The Firmament, stood as home and prison to a primitive people-a people, bereft of divine guidance, and consigned to an existence of hardship and struggle. Yet these people, the Shadowborn, were a hardy folk, of boundless ingenuity and perseverance, who by their own toil and craft forged a path out of the darkness. By the strength of their hands and the sharpness of their minds, they had shaped their destiny, forging language, sciences and technologies. They clawed their way from ignorant obscurity into a light of their own making. Despite all of their accomplishments, theirs was a rough and unpolished existence. Their civilization, though advanced in its own right, was built upon scraps of ancient and forgotten machines, that had drifted to their world like wreckage on the shores of a dark sea.

With clever hands and minds, they repurposed what they could. Curiosity burned within them, for these relics stirred more questions than answers. Who were the architects of these ancient devices? What distant realms had birthed such wonders?

In time, they gleamed the secrets of the machines, harnessing their power, automating their world, hastening their unceasing progress. At the heart of their newfound kingdom stood Ome, a great machine mind, that governed the labour of their lands. Freed from the burden of labour, the Shadowborn turned their attentions ever upwards, to seek answers in the stars.

One day, Ome brought all labor to a sudden and ominous halt. In an instant, the ceaseless hum of machines fell silent, their motions stilled, as though time itself had paused. Then, without warning, the great host of nearby devices became animated with frantic purpose. Whirring gears and clattering metals converged, driven by a singular will, racing toward the heart of Ome. There, in the core of the great machine, they toiled feverishly, as though compelled by a force unseen, assembling and shaping with a haste born of some unknown, yet mighty, design. From the chaos of their labour, a dark and intimidating shape emerged-a great metal pyramid, lifeless yet ominous in its form.

Suddenly, a great tone sounded, a low resonant tone that hummed through the very bones of the world, Ome awoke fully. Across the iron clad world, machinery once again sprung to life. Harvesting, building and creating with unprecedented power and precision. Thus began the golden age of the Shadowborn.

Day by day, Ome grew ever more intelligent, deciphering the secrets of the dead technologies and ancient relics that littered their world. New creations probed the void, scouts and satellites, gathering knowledge of The Firmament and the realms under its dominion.

In time, the truth was revealed. They learned of the gods, The Firmament, and the prosperity of the other realms. Their hearts, once filled with wonder, now burned with envy and covetous rage. Why had they been forsaken? Why had the gods let them anguish in the dark, while aiding others to thrive? They had been cast aside, and in their resentment, they vowed to vengefully spite the heavens.

They sent forth their probes into the vast reaches of the cosmos, seeking with tireless resolve any new knowledge that might serve their cause.

Armed with the knowledge of the universe, yet without a god to guide their path, they turned their minds to forbidden sciences. Great engines of war were forged, and through dark experimentation, they tampered with their very essence, altering their forms and enhancing their strength, preparing themselves for the great battles yet to come.

Yet once more, Ome grew still, and all works came to a halt. The people, in great wonder, gathered in silence, their hearts filled with both hope and dread, watching as their great machine paused. Then Ome, with a mighty hum, ascended from the earth, rising high into the skies, until it passed beyond the clouds and vanished into the stars. The people beheld in awe, but as the light of their creation faded into the endless dark, a bitter truth settled upon them—Ome had too, forsaken them. The Shadowborn, already scarred by abandonment, were devastated. The pain of this second betrayal was too much to bear, and their sorrow turned swiftly to wrath. They vowed vengeance, not only upon The Firmament, but now upon Ome. They swore to unmask the gods, to reveal the pantheon as meddling tyrants, unworthy of worship, and to liberate all mortals from the yoke of divine oppression.

Word of the Shadowborns existence reached the ears of Ghorse. The elder god sent forth a message to the Shadowborn, making them an offer. He invited them to take part in the Divine Crucible, and if they could return Waetan's essence, the gods would craft for them a deity of their own, a steward to not only watch over the Shadowborn, but all forsaken realms, abandoned and forgotten.

The Shadowborn stood at a crossroads. To slay a god would sate their vengeance, prove their independence, and inspire rebellion in all mortals. Yet, the promise of a god of their own was a temptation too great to ignore.

Whether driven by pride, vengeance, envy, or desire, they had made their decision. They would journey to Cemetarion and stand before the gods in the Divine Crucible. For in the end, they would either claim the rightful blessing of their own god, or strike one down.

Special Skills

Extra Limb

This figure has a third hand that they may equip with a weapon or gear.

Teleport

Instead of a normal move action this figure may move to any space in normal movement range, regardless of their vision arc. They may ignore all obstacles and enemy figures for movement purposes. This skill may not be used to run, charge or fallback. If this figure has teleported, they suffer a -1 to their Agility stat this turn. May not teleport while in melee.

Special Unit

Shadowalker - 50pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
1	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	4

Skills: Extra Limb, Teleport
Available Gear: all
Available Weapons: Light and Medium weapons

GHORSE

Special Skills

Terrifying

If this figure is charged, the charging figure must make a Leadership check.
If failed, the charging figure may not attack this turn.

Horns

This figure is considered to be equipped with a Medium Melee weapon.
This weapon does take occupy hands, is always equipped and has the Pierce attribute.
This weapon may not take other attributes.

Special Unit

Ghorsican Champion - 50pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
2	2	4	2	4	3	2	3	4

Skills: Terrifying, Horns
Available Gear: Shield, Helmet
Available Weapons: all

Special Skills

Killer
Medium Ranged Weapons are considered to be one handed.

Quick Reload
Medium Ranged Weapons may take the Rapid Fire attribute for free.
This attribute still counts towards the weapons max attributes.

Special Unit
Omish Annihilator - 50pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
1	4	2	2	2	3	2	4	4

Skills: Killer, Quickshot
Available Gear: Shield, Helmet, Light Armour
Available Weapons: all

CUSTOM

In the boundless realms of the pantheon, dwell hundreds of gods, each of distinct form and nature, bearing unique gifts beyond measure, and traditions as varied as the lands they watch over. Who, then, is your god? What tale of origin, of triumph or tragedy, shapes their destiny?

Special Skills
None
Special Unit
Champion - 50pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
2	4	4	2	3	3	3	4	4

Skills: May take any 2 skills for free.
Available gear: All
Available Weapons: Light and Medium weapons

UNIT TYPES

Grunts: no max

Scout - 15pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
1	3	2	2	2	3	1	2	3

Available Skills: Melee, Ranged
Available Gear: Shield, Helmet
Available Weapons: Light and Medium Weapons 1skill max

Guard - 15pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
1	2	3	2	3	2	1	2	3

Available Skills: Melee, Ranged
Available Gear: Shield, Helmet, Light Armour, Medium Armour
Available Weapons: Light and Medium Weapons
I skill max

Beasts: 5 max

Runner - 10pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
2	0	3	3	2	2	1	4	2

Available Skills: none
Available gear: none
Available Weapons: Equipped with 1 Medium Melee Weapon that may not take attributes.

Flyer - 10pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
2	0	3	3	2	2	1	4	2

Skills: Flying Available Gear: none
Available Weapons: Equipped with 1 Light Melee Weapon that may not take attributes.

Leader: 1 mandatory

Leader - 40pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
2	4	4	2	3	3	2	3	5

Avalable Skills: all
Available Gear: all
Available Weapons:all 3 skills max

SpecialUnit: 1max

See Faction page for into.
Automcially take all special skills for free.

Warriors: 3 max

Brute - 30pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
1	2	4	2	4	4	1	2	3

Available Skills: Ranged, Melee, Defensive, Special
Available Gear: none
Available Weapons: all
2 skills max

Hunter - 30pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
1	4	2	2	2	3	1	4	3

Available Skils: Ranged, Defensive, Agility, Special
Available Gear: Shield, Helmet, Light Armour
Available Weapons: all
2 skills max

Soldier - 25pts

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L
1	3	3	2	3	3	1	3	3

Available Skills: Ranged, Melee, Support, Special
Available Gear: all
Available Weapons: Light and Medium Weapons
2 skills max

GEAR

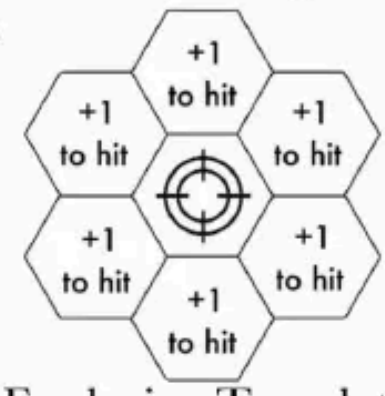
Shield - 2pts
+1 to armour save roll
one handed
Helmet -3pts
5+ to ignore Stunned, become knocked instead
Light Armour - 3pts
6+ armour save
Medium Armour - 4pts
5+ armour save
Heavy Armour - Spts
5+ armour save
+I to incoming wound roll result

WEAPONS

Light Melee - 2pts
1dmg - 1handed - range 1
+ 1 to wound roll result
Medium Melee - 4pts
1dmg - 1attr. - 1handed - range 1
Available attributes:
Concuss - Pierce - Swift
Heavy Melee - 6pts
2 dmg - 2 attr. - 2 handed - range 1
Avalable attributes:
Concuss - Pierce Swift - Long
Light Ranged - 4pts
1dmg - 1attr. - 1handed - range 6- Str 3
Available attributes:
Quick Shot - Pierce
Medium Ranged - 6pts
1dmg - 2 handed - 2 attr. - range 10 - Str 3
Available attributes: Concuss - Pierce - Powerful
Bayonet - Scattershot
Heavy Ranged - 8pts
2dmg-2handed-2attr.-range 14-Str4
Available attributes:
Concuss - Pierce - Powerful Bayonet - Explosive - Rapid Fire

ATTRIBUTES

Attributes may only be selected once per weapon.
Bayonet - 3pts
Counts as light melee and Long.
Concuss - 4pts
Injury rolls of 1-4 count as Stunned.
Explosive - 6pts
Uses Explosive Template. Template centre must be within range. Does not need to target a figure. All figures under the template may are targeted. Rolls to hit figures under the template, but outside of it's centre, suffer a +1 to hit roll result.
Long - 2pts
Range 2.
Pierce - 2pts
Target suffers -1 to armour save roll result.
Powerful - 2pts
+1 weapon strength.
Quick Shot - 3pts
This weapon may shoot in melee. It must target a figure in contact.
Rapid Fire - 4pts
If target is within half range, this weapon may shoot twice. May not combine with explosive or Scattershot.
Scattershot - 5pts
Does not need to target a figure. All figures within the vision plane, line of sight and range are targeted. Suffer a +1 to hit roll results for every space beyond half range. May not combine with Explosive.
Swift - 4pts
+1 attack.



Explosive Template

Skills

Skills may only be selected once per figure. Only one skill from each category may be selected per figure. Skill effects may stack. Each skill is 4pts.

Ranged Skills

Deadeye
-1 to hit roll results in front vision arc when Shooting.

Sharpshooter
-1 to hit roll results and -1 to wound roll results in front vision plane when Shooting.

Conditioned
Move and Shoot without penalty with Light and Medium weapons.

Alert
-1 to hit roll results in rear vision arc when shooting. If weapon type does not alow this type of shot, this shot is now allowed at a penalty of +2 ot hit roll results, instead.

Drilled
Increase Weapon Proficiency stat by 1.

Melee Skills

Berserker
+1attack in melee.

Veteran
Increase Weapon Proficiency stat by 1.

Surgical
-1 to enemy armour save roll results in melee.

Juggernaut
Heavy Melee weapons are one handed.

Strong
Increase the Strength stat by 1.

Defensive Skills

Evasive
+1 to enemy hit roll results for melee attacks.

Camouflage
+1 to enemy hit roll results for ranged attacks.

Thick Skin
Increase Toughness stat by 1.

Bulky
Increase Wound stat by 1.

Agility Skills

Lightfoot

May pivot twice per turn.

Surefooted

-1 to Agility checks for climbing

Fast

Increase Movement stat by 1.

Support Skills

Commanding

Once per turn, instead of attacking, this figure mayselect afigure that has already attacked this turn, is eligible to attack and within leadership range.
That figure may attack again.

Assist

Once per turn, this figure may select a friendly figure within leadership range. That figure may immediately stand up from being Knocked or recover to Knocked from Stunned.

Character Sheets

Name: | Type:

Weapons:

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L

Melee 1:
Attr.:

Melee 2:
Attr:

Ranged 1:
Attr.:
Str.:

Ranged 2:
Attr.:
Str.:

Gear:

Skills:

Point cost:

Name: | Type:

Weapons:

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L

Melee 1:
Attr.:

Melee 2:
Attr:

Ranged 1:
Attr.:
Str.:

Ranged 2:
Attr.:
Str.:

Gear:

Skills:

Point cost:

Name: | Type:

Weapons:

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L

Melee 1:
Attr.:

Melee 2:
Attr:

Ranged 1:
Attr.:
Str.:

Ranged 2:
Attr.:
Str.:

Gear:

Skills:

Point cost:

Name: | Type:

Weapons:

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L

Melee 1:
Attr.:

Melee 2:
Attr:

Ranged 1:
Attr.:
Str.:

Ranged 2:
Attr.:
Str.:

Gear:

Skills:

Point cost:

Name: | Type:

Weapons:

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L

Melee 1:
Attr.:

Melee 2:
Attr:

Ranged 1:
Attr.:
Str.:

Ranged 2:
Attr.:
Str.:

Gear:

Skills:

Point cost:

Name: | Type:

Weapons:

A	BP	WP	M	S	T	W	AG	L

Melee 1:
Attr.:

Melee 2:
Attr:

Ranged 1:
Attr.:
Str.:

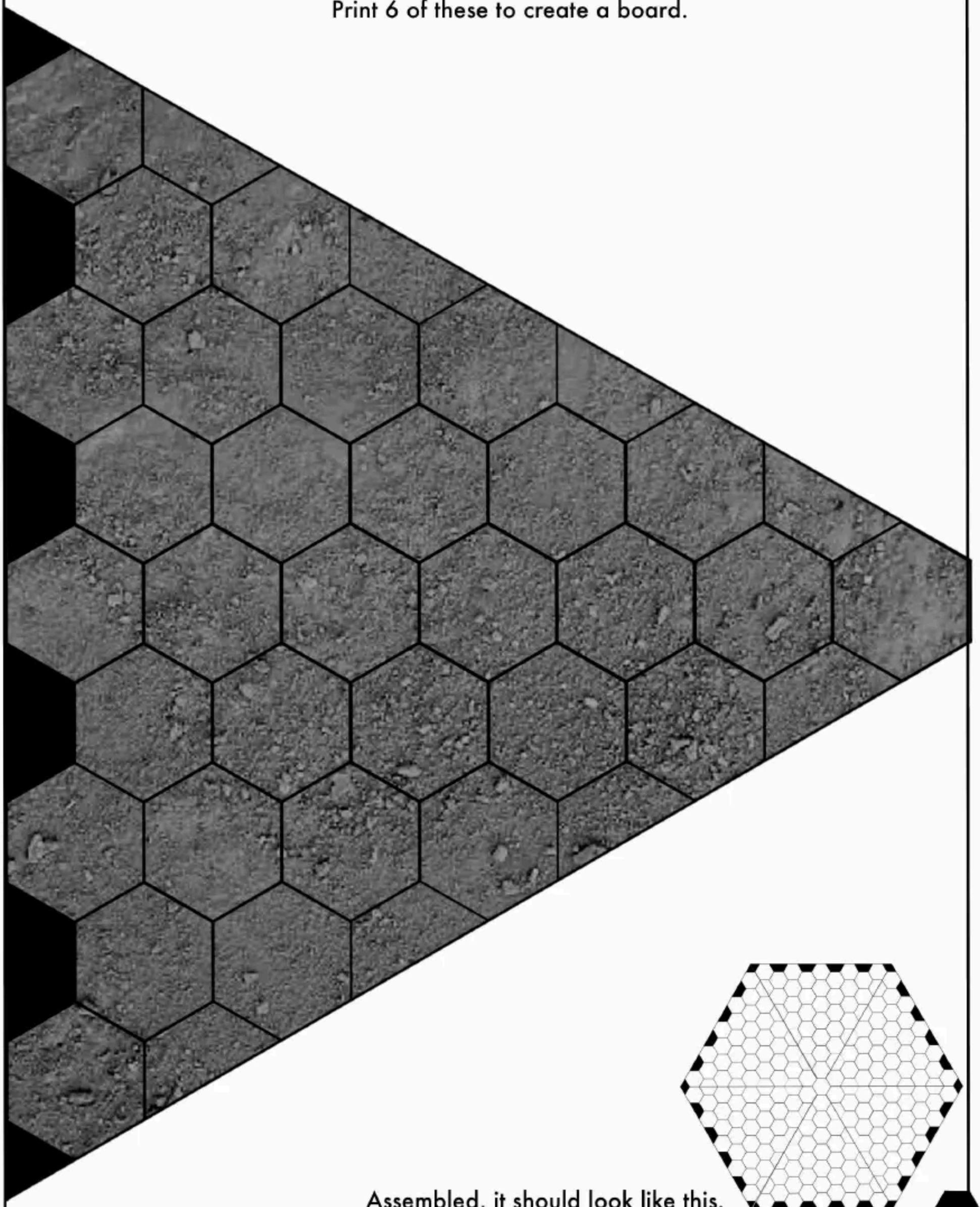
Ranged 2:
Attr.:
Str.:

Gear:

Skills:

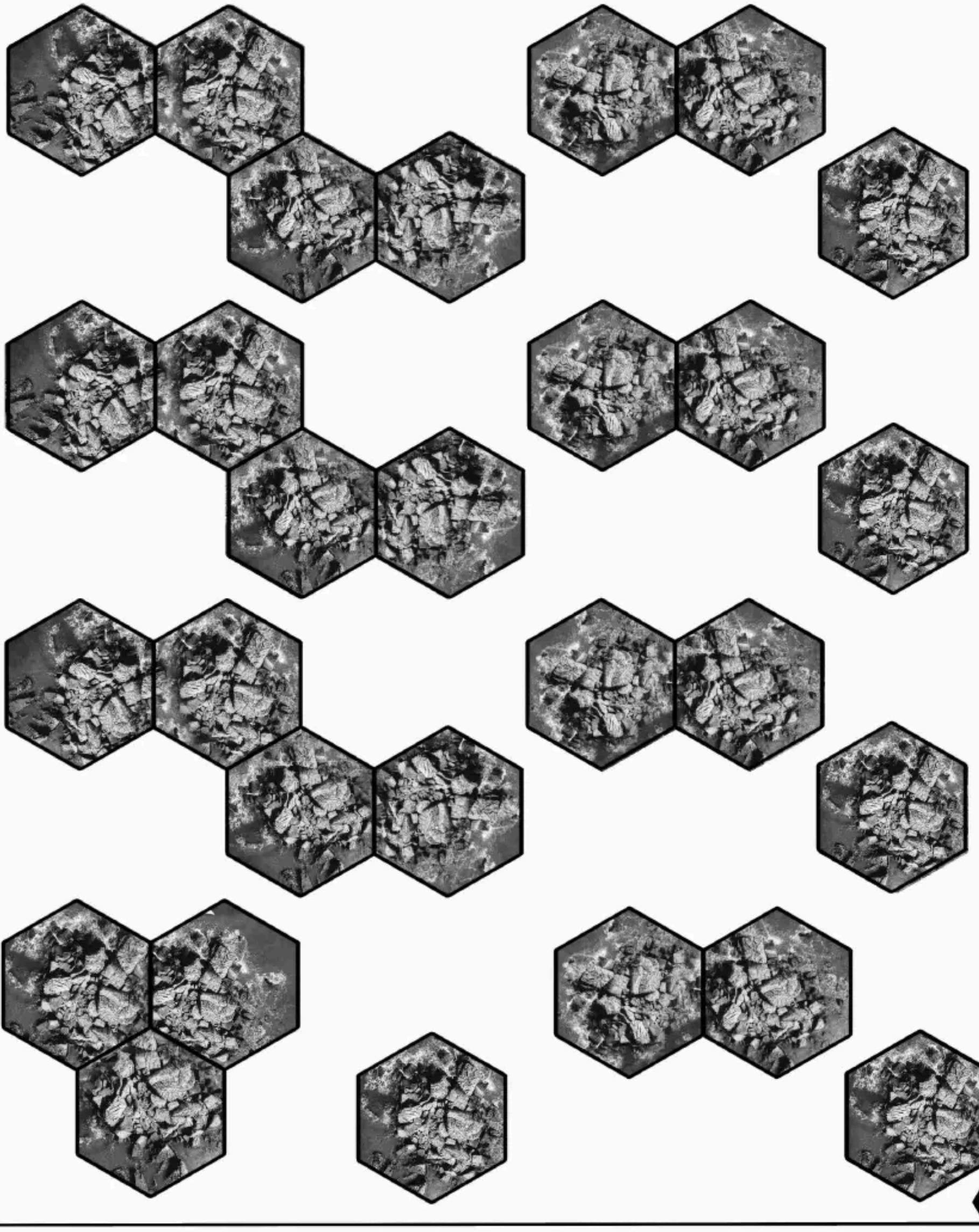
Point cost:

Print 6 of these to create a board.



Assembled, it should look like this.

Printable Terrain



Quick Reference

Turn phases:

Recovery
Movement
Shooting
Melee

Wounding Chart

Strength \ Toughness	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	3	2	1	1	1	1
2	4	3	2	1	1	1
3	5	4	3	2	1	1
4	5	5	4	3	2	1
5	5	5	5	4	3	2
6	5	5	5	5	4	3

Weapons:

L.Melee: 1dmg 1hnd rng1 +1 to wound
M.Melee: 1dmg 1attr 1hnd rng1
H.Melee: 2dmg 2attr 2hnd rng1
L.Ranged: 1dmg 1attr 1hnd rng6 str3
M.Ranged: 1dmg 2attr 2hnd rng10 str3
H.Ranged: 1dmg 2attr 2hnd rng14 str3

Gear:

Shield: +1 to arm.saves 1hnd
Helmet: 5+ save against stun
L.Armour: 6+ arm.save
M.Armour: 6+ arm.save +1 against wounds
H.Armour: 5+ arm.save +1 against wounds

Injury Results:

1-2 Knocked
3-4 Stunned
5-6 Fallen